

The Lagoon I Love

By: Roland W. Peterson
Dedicated to Clyde Harms

As I sit on the embankment of the Lagoon
I throw a pebble into the water
As the ripple effect grows
The ripples seem to come back to me
Like little angels on the surface
bringing back a message to me

My thoughts drift away
As I peer into the murky water
I could still hear the laughter and
Joyful screams of my brothers and friends

We are sinking I would scream
As our little metal float starts taking in water
Yes this lagoon that played a major
part in my youth

My eyes fill with water
My hands tremble
I can't throw another pebble
There is a lump in my throat
that makes swallowing difficult

As I sit there remnants of history
of this lagoon drift toward me
Happy events never to be forgotten

In the distance
With crystalline clarity
I hear her call me
“Kat, we are over here”

As I turn around there is
no one standing there
My heart is pounding as I tell myself
that I am only imagining things

As I sit there I wonder
What will happen?
to this Lagoon as even the memory of
its existence fades from the history books

Maybe it's time to peer back
into the Lagoon of time . . . and keep alive
the memory of how wonderful it used to be.